1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

821 [127] one of the high schools in Athens. T. K. Papaspyropoulos has written of his native settlement near Kalavryta in the Peloponnesos.[3] A literal translation has been used in order to retain some of the flavor of the village informants.

The sky. Our mother told us that the sky was a big dome which covers the earth like a lid of a cauldron. This dome has for ornaments the sun, the moon, [772] and the stars. High up in this dome God has his throne and sits with Christ, the Virgin, with all the saints and the angels. Near the throne of God is Paradise with the souls of the good people and the saints. Hell is down below in the deepest part of the earth, together with the devils and the sinners. May God protect us!

The sun. The sun is the god of the day. He throws light on the earth and warms the people. The sun brings cereals and all the goods which are upon the earth. Without him we would be dead from cold. The sun does not only warm us but tours the whole world and brings greetings to all those who are away [533] from their home. He also tells us what he sees. We have many songs for the sun, such as those which begin "My sun, three times my sun, and my world-roamer." "The working people watch for him."

[271] Everybody is afraid of the sun. We do not drink water while facing him, neither do we look straight into him because we get blind. In summer time the sun either burns our cereals or our heads. But in winter we beg him to come out and warm us up. We sit there by the sunny spot and he bakes our bodies. We [533] also sing him a song: "Come on out, my sun. Just come out a little bit so that we can take a walk near the threshing floor." Sometimes it rains heavily and the sun is out at the same time. Then we sing to him: "Sun, sun and rain, when the poor get married. Sun, sun and moon, when the donkeys get married. Sun, sun and drizzle, when the female teacher gets married."

The moon. Just as the day has for a king the sun, the night has the moon as its king. The moon is a more agile king than the sun. It takes a walk on the sky shining and chasing the clouds and makes people come out of their homes. [512] With the moon the women spin at night; the children play on the threshing floors; the men water their fields; the muleteers can see and go to their work; and the shepherds enjoy the slopes together with their sheep while playing the flute. But the moon can also harm. The biggest harm is done to the thieves because it throws its light and does not allow them to rob for they can be seen. "The thief enjoys darkness and the wolf the upheaval" [distracting disturbance]. When the moon comes out for the first time we say: "Welcome to the new moon. We are happy to see you. Bring us good." Many seek to find money. They get hold of it and say: "As the moon gets full may my purse get full of coins." When the moon disappears those who are in the mountain and see it set say: "May you fare well and return better and achieve better things." "My moon, my shining moon, and beautifully adorned, did you by any chance see Andrew and his ship?" . . .

[539] *The milky way* (the priest's straw). Do you see those stars that divide the sky into two? We call them the priest's straw. Once upon a time a priest went to stay for a couple of days in a monastery. When he left, because he couldn't

1:Sanders Z-5,H (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Now and then we find mention of a shop grossing over $5000 a year, but this is exceptional and means that the proprietor has to extend a great deal of credit to take in that amount. Mention could be made here of the yardgoods shops which have come into existence because of the women's desire for the factory-made cotton goods, often of inferior quality. Often they sell beautiful handmade woolen fabrics at ridiculously low prices just to buy the cotton goods which they take to a local dressmaker in order to have a frock in the modern style.

The artisans ply their crafts in small shops, often in full view of those passing on the street. By working near the door or window they take advantage of the daylight and thus use less electricity in their dim ateliers. The list of these artisans for a village in Central Greece reveals much about them and about the Greek village itself:

Two saddlemakers — who are also part-time farmers.

Two blacksmiths — both well-trained skilled laborers owning their own shops.

Two shoemakers — one only repairs shoes, while the other also makes new shoes.

Three tailors — one is exceptionally good, but the others are considered poor in their work.

Four butchers — all have out-of-door shops and kill animals only as needed. Usually one or two sheep are butchered each week. The owners cook the intestines which they sell very readily.

Ten seamstresses — some farm in addition.

Three barbers — one popular, the other two fair. All are located in the coffeehouses.

One horseshoe maker — owns twenty-five stremmas of land, which he farms. (One stremma is one fourth of an acre.)

Four masons — one owns eight stremmas of land which he farms, while the rest own no land. Two of these men are in the small village musical group which plays at all weddings and festivals.

Five cart owners — who earn a living by transporting products.

This random presentation of the services found in eight Greek villages scattered over Central and Northern Greece provides a quick introduction to, rather than any conclusive statement about, the business activity going on around the village square.

Telephone and electric poles indicate whether these two utilities are available locally. There is usually only one telephone, either in the office of the gendarmerie, the local community council, or a centrally located café. Should the village be one of those favored with electricity, the peasants proudly inform the visitor of that fact. When we asked what the advantages of electricity are, we got various replies: "Electricity brings cleanliness. We used to have smelly kerosene lamps." "Now we can light the streets and see where we walk in the evening." "We can have radios and learn what

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos
[Shepherds]

233 to 500 before the war. Rent is usually paid in milk, in an amount equaling
427 the grain needed to seed the field pastured. If it takes normally 500 okas
246 of seed (23.5 bushels) to put in the crop on the area rented, then the shepherd will pay 500 okas (1410 pounds, or 169 gallons) of milk. The land available has usually been in a crop the year or two before, but is allowed to lie fallow this one year and is thus free for pasturage. Only three or four Valtetsi families have been able to buy their own land down below, but they too bring their flocks back to Valtetsi in the spring.

434 As very little farming can be done on the steep and rocky hillsides
464 around Valtetsi, many of its people, like those from Parthenon, go to the
[321] plains below in June to help harvest the grain. In the late fall and winter,
[465] while pasturing below, some of them help with the gathering of the olives. They are usually paid in kind for such work, an important way of eking out their annual food supply. Other income, of course, is derived from the sale of milk, cheese, wool, and an occasional live animal. Most of the
426 shepherds are in debt to two outside "grocers" (whom they also call
452 "outsiders" or "foreigners"), who advance the equivalent of about $33 to
578 a shepherd against the following season's milk products and agree to the
[609] retirement of the debt at a fixed price per oka of milk or cheese. The price is said to be put so low that the grocer seldom loses, but if there is a rise in price he absorbs all of the profit, further disgruntling the shepherds indebted to him. Some of the conversation went like this:

"We had a bad winter this year. The pastures were not good because it didn't rain. We had to buy fodder to carry our flocks through and thus became heavily indebted to the grocer."

"Yes," added another, "the government shouldn't let these grocers exploit us so."

[474] "But," we asked, "why don't you form a dairy cooperative like some other villages and market your own milk products yourselves?"

[157] "Oh, we could never get together on anything like that," said one, and all the others shook their heads affirmatively. And they then smiled half-ashamedly and yet amused at themselves when a city Greek pointed out to them, "Why are you then blaming the government when you have just admitted that the fault lies in your own individualism and your failure to cooperate?"

233 As a flock passed through the village on its way to be milked after a
533 morning in the fields, I began to ask about the bells, whose assorted sizes made a peculiar and not unpleasing harmony as the animals hurriedly moved homewards. Then the Valtetsi shepherds confirmed what I had been told before — that the selection of bells is one of the tasks the shepherd takes most seriously. He goes to one of the metalworking shops in the market town and picks out a very deep bell with a pleasing tone. This he

1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos

will buy to put on his lead ram. Then he will pick another deep bell for his eldest ewe, but will always test it against the deepest bell for what seems to be harmony to his ear. As he buys the smaller bells with the higher sounds, he always compares each with the deepest bell. In a flock of about 200, he may have as many as 60 to 70 carefully tested bells. The sound of a flock grazing or in movement is always pleasing even to the casual passerby. But to the shepherd it is the sweetest music of all, for it is as though his own private orchestra were playing for him, telling him by each little sound much about the behavior of his flock. If one note is missing for very long, he becomes aware of it and investigates to see what is wrong. When all are ringing together, he feels his little universe is safe.

As I walked through the village, I tried to picture it in the cold and empty winter. Obviously, the people from Valtetsi scatter out quite widely once they get below. What kind of community can they maintain with such a migration pattern? The shepherd's answers to queries about organizational life gave a rough sketch of the Valtetsi community.

Like other villages, they have the village council. The president of the council, who happens to run a coffeehouse, must stay in the village throughout the year. He can, on occasion, get a two-week leave from the prefect in Tripolis.

"Suppose he owned livestock," I asked, "and had to take them to winter pastures below. What would he do?"

"Other members of his family would have to take care of the animals for him and he would remain here."

Local elections are postponed from winter until the return of most of the people in the spring. But for national elections the men leave the flocks with their womenfolk and older children and walk all the way back up to the village to cast their ballots.

Valtetsi also has its school board, church board, and a livestock cooperative that helps its members get some credit from the Agricultural Bank, with their flocks as collateral (it serves no marketing function). Yet the migration pattern affects even these organizations, for at the time of my visit the cooperative president had not yet returned from his winter's sojourn on the plain nor had all of the board members for the church or the school.

In spite of the periodic absence of its inhabitants, the loyalty to Valtetsi is strong. Not the least of village distinctions was the Battle of Valtetsi, in which local people claim that in 1821 the first victorious army of Greeks under Kolokotrones rose up against the Turks. Since the soldiers believed that the Virgin had aided that victory, taking part just as Hera and Athena did with their forces deployed in the Trojan War, a special church to the Virgin was built in the village in 1837. One of the most heinous

1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece
Vlachs EH15

covered with homemade blankets. The necessary water cask was also there. As we sat in front of the tent, we saw a scene of unusual beauty. The sun, setting in a red splash behind the Albanian mountains, was reflected in the Aoos River flowing in a small stream through its broad gravel bed; off to our right, the town of Konitsa spread like a jeweled fan up the hill. When we stood to warm ourselves at the fire, we saw a three-quarter moon rising behind the black mountain which towered just behind the tents, the moonlight on its patches of snow. The smoke of the campfire, the dogs barking, the puppies and lambs romping in the tent, the occasional neighing of the hobbled horses, made a scene that was distinct from the usual Greek evening landscape. It was incredibly different in time, too, from the atomic age, although in space only a score of miles from the Iron Curtain and twenty-eight flying hours from New York.

Berates' daughter, Vasilike, had been engaged for two years to a boy whom she had never seen but who was picked out for her by her father. As the father phrased it, "the word is given." At this point in the conversation, flustered and greatly embarrassed, Vasilike went into the neighboring tent to make some sirupy coffee. When we asked our host if his people had a dowry system, he grunted and said: "Ten years ago women took only their household equipment as a dowry; now they've started giving flocks as dowries. This accursed custom of the dowry has come up to us from the cities." Later, while we were sipping the coffee Vasilike brought, one of the shepherd boys came to play his flute for us. Because this was Saturday, the women two tents down the line had all washed their hair, with the exception of one little girl who was even then doing so in a small, shallow oven pan. The others had gotten to the stage of having their hair plaited. We could hear them at it, laughing and talking. But as the time dragged on, as darkness came down, and the sheep had not arrived, a nervousness became apparent in the camp. Everyone was marking time, waiting for the sheep.

At long last, the tension broke as we heard the flocks come nearer. They arrived at 9:30, and the available men, six in all, began the milking. A barricade of saddles, firewood, and thistles had already been made in which there was a small opening. The men seated themselves, three on a side, at the opening. The sheep were driven slowly up to the opening, and as a ewe came through one of the men would grab her by the hind leg and then proceed to milk her. Here, as elsewhere in Greece, the women never milked the sheep, nor the men the goats, although extra hands would have shortened considerably the tedious job that extended far into the night.

After the milking was well under way, Vasilike put a frying pan full of strained milk on the fire to boil. She then brought us a bowl of this warm, rich liquid to eat with bread and cheese. The bread had been purchased along the way and was paid for by cash from the milk sold en route. While

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

bacco-growing parts of Thrace, a child of six may be expected to help to the extent of his ability. In general, by the time he is five or six, he is asked to watch a younger brother or sister or to watch the sheep or turkeys; when not doing this, he can join children's play groups. By the age of fourteen a boy is already a competent field hand. A girl between eight and ten years of age is given little jobs, but between ten and fourteen she assumes much heavier burdens. 857

Yet life is not all work. Children in Greece also have their periods of play, frequently under the watchful eye of some woman in whose yard the children's play groups may be found. Some of the children, however, prefer to play away from home — along the street, around a fountain, or at the school yard — so as not to be called upon to do the chores which would be assigned if they were at hand. It is remarkable how many games can be played without toys. Much can be done with stones and little pieces of broken glass (where no marbles are available), and what dolls can be made by little girls from a few nondescript rags! Occasionally I would find two or three barefooted children damming up a stream near some pigs lying in the mud; or boys would roll iron hoops on the highway while their family worked in a field close by. So intent would the children be on their play that they would seem oblivious to approaching buses or autos. [524]

One of the children's games played throughout much of Greece is a form of jacks. In the village of Laimos, near Lake Prespa, the children playing it called it *vroche* (rain) although elsewhere in Greece it is usually referred to as *pentovola*. Instead of using a ball, on whose bounce the jacks must be picked up and the ball caught, the girls threw a stone in the air and picked up other stones in time to catch the one that had been tossed. Pebbles figure also in the game called "forty stones." Eight stones are put in a straight line, with forty on each side of the center. At a signal all must run to a set place and return before the girl called "the gatherer" picks up all of the stones into a pile. If the gatherer wins, she sits on the pile and pretends to be a setting hen. 524 [192]

There are the familiar games of hide-and-seek (only the Greek children spit on the tree serving as home base rather than touch it), drop-the-handkerchief, cat-and-mouse. Many of the games require special songs which the girls especially seem to enjoy. Boys at play seem much less organized and more apt to argue over the fine points of the game. [526] [533]

Quite often we came upon children simply sitting still. "What are you doing?" we asked. "Oh, we are telling riddles." Not all of these we heard would have much meaning to an outsider, but some of them had almost a universal touch:

My lamb, my little curly lamb, climbs, eats, and gets fed on grass, drinks water, and dies. (A fire on the mountain.)

Around, around it's round and in the middle it is long. (A well.)

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

for the brother is supposed either to avenge any violator of his sister's honor or, if she is to blame, to punish her. Whereas formerly he was supposed to act swiftly, today he tries to get the man to marry his sister; if the man does not, then the brother, "if he wants to rinse the honor of the family," beats or kills the man. He may kill his sister if she is thought responsible. Nowadays matters seldom come to such an extreme point, but the tradition of protection is still very strong. The folksongs reinforce it, as shown by these summaries of two from the island of Euboea.[1]

The Betrayal

A bad young girl dressed herself in European clothes, got her lover and went to the coffeehouse. She ordered the proprietor to bring coffee and the hubble-bubble (narghile, or pipe whose smoke passes through water). Two friends of her brother betrayed her. They said to the brother: "Why do you sit there, Vangeles, and do not go to the coffeehouse to see your sister who 'drinks' the hubble-bubble?"

Vangeles got up and went to the coffeehouse and found the bad sister who was "drinking" the narghile. "Get up, Eurydice, to see your shame. You, who have put me and all our family to shame."

He thrust his knife in her twice in the right side, striking the liver and half of the heart. Two words the poor thing was able to say before she dropped and was dead: "The friends of my brother were my death because I had the courage to have a boy friend." The friends of the brother took her up, carried her home, and handed her over to her mother.

Soussa

Soussa, the willowy, the pride of Kyme, loved Saribeys, the handsomest boy of the village. He loved her and she loved him for fifteen years. She had a brother who was away with the consuls; every morning she would sit on her bed, take her little handkerchief and fill it with tears. Her master [lover] asks her, "What is wrong with our Soussaki? Why does she sit and cry?" and her mother tells her, "Hush, my Soussa, don't cry and don't torment yourself. For your sake your brother is roaming in foreign countries."

At night, at midnight, they heard bang after bang on the door. Her mother shouted to her and her master told her, "Get up, my Soussa, open and see who is outside." Soussa got up, opened, and saw her brother. Immediately she thought and she became faint [her eyesight became shorter]. Her brother said, "You turned the house into a brothel. I cannot stand it." He pulled his little knife out of the golden sheath, thrust it in her heart like a worthy *palikari* [handsome young man, brave fighter for freedom].

"Soussa, mine, who killed you? May he be cursed. May he wear my curse forever as an amulet."

There are conflicting stories about what actually occurs in villages throughout Greece. From the Peloponnesos I received the reply: "In our village there is very strict control between unmarried boys and girls. Not

1:Sanders Z-5# (1)52-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

of Macedonia the bride's brotler is supposed to help with the dressing. Proximity to the city changes nany of the traditional patterns. The bride, for instance, may have her brida dress made by a dressmaker and the dressmaker may be present at the tine the bride dresses to be sure that the veil is in proper place. Also, the brile may have gone to a beauty parlor to get a permanent wave. The frizzierher hair, the more beautiful she is thought to be. If she cannot get to a beauty parlor, her friends will put her hair into curlers or will wet her hair ant make waves. The bride's hair is combed before she puts on her dress, anl it is quite a trick to get the dress on without mussing the hair. The wise woman or dressmaker will help her with her makeup: rouge, lipstick, much powder. The veil is pinned with two little bunches of orange blossoms ant, of course, the richer the bride, the fuller the gown and the longer the veil White gloves are becoming more common, as is a small bouquet. The bride's best friend must give her something old (perhaps a garter) to wear andthe wise woman busies herself doing knots of various kinds to control the fates in behalf of the bride.

The duties of the koumbarosvary from place to place. If there are two sponsors (normally, a married couple), the koumbara, or woman sponsor, may be expected to buy two big white candles, quite expensive, and enough silk material for the dress of thebride and for tying the candles with a bouquet of orange blossoms. One of the diversions in the ceremony in the church is to watch the two smal children holding these heavy candles and to notice how frequently their inattention seems on the point of starting a general conflagration.

There is also a ritual connected with the dance held at the bride's house after the ceremony at the church. One of the fathers of the young couple will throw some money into the musician's box so that he can lead the dance in honor of the bride and can choose any dance that he likes. This dance may last from six to ten minutes Then the bride's nearest male relative will pay the musicians and lead a dnce in honor of the groom first and then the bride. Then it is the turn ofthe koumbaros. This continues until each one who wants to honor the couple will do the same; after this, the dance turns into an ordinary one, andanybody who wants to lead can do so by paying the musicians, thereby gaining the right to name the dance and therefore the music that is to be played.

There are wide variations, also, in the greeting given by the mother-in-law to the bride when she first arrives. Sometimes, the mother-in-law puts a dish in front of the daughter-in-law who breaks it; sometimes she gives an ax which the bride is to use inshowing all present how well she can chop wood. Then, too, instead of taking up the small boy, as the bride does in Artotina, the boy may come andsit on her knee and receive a round piece of bread for supposedly bringingher good luck. In Kilkis, Macedonia, the brother of the bride has a big round pie which he breaks on her head upon

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

The Annual Village Festival

The annual village festival, held on the name day of the saint for whom the local church is named, although a community event, serves also as an occasion for absent family members to return for a visit.[5] On such days literally hundreds and sometimes more than a thousand outsiders visit the village to join in the local excitement. Many families have so many guests that they hardly know where to put them all; food and drink are plentiful, and dancing is the order of the day. The local shopkeepers count heavily on this occasion to bring them out of the red, even though traveling merchants also make their appearance to take care of the swollen number of clients. The local government sees to it that these outsiders or their transactions are taxed. A relatively few attend the masses being held in the church since the festival is more secular than religious. One is impressed in talking with villagers about these festivals how frequently they stress the fact that they all "put on the best clothes and new clothes if possible" in order to make a good impression upon the visitors and other villagers as well.

Throughout Greece one can see many well-known national dances on these festival days. Most of them are round dances, with the dancers holding on to hands or wrists of those next to them. The musicians stand in the center of the circle and strike up the tune. A slow "dragging-trailing" dance is called the *syrtos;* one calling for jumping or leaping steps is a *pidictos;* and others are mixed. Many of these dances have much in common with ancient dances depicted on friezes or described in the writings of classical times.

An example of the syrtos type is the *kalamatianos,* named for the town of Kalamata in the southern Peloponnesos. Here the dancers hold each other by the wrist. The leader of the dance may break away from the circle and go through gyrations which would do credit to a professional acrobat; throughout this performance he flutters his handkerchief (the symbol of leadership), and when ready he may throw the handkerchief to his neighbor or someone else who wishes to lead the dance. The *geranos,* another syrtos dance, is supposed to have been danced by Theseus and the youths and maidens with him on Delos when he returned there after slaying the Minotaur on Crete. The movements of the dance are said to imitate the twists and turns of the labyrinth which was the lair of the mythological monster.[6]

Another syrtos dance is the *zalongos,* which commemorates the dance of the Souliote women in Epirus who, upon the defeat of their men folk in December 1803 by Ali Pasha of Ioannina, took refuge on a high and inaccessible rock situated above the river Acheron, where they began to dance and, still dancing, threw themselves over the precipice into the gap-

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Eve and Epiphany (December 24–January 6). It is preceded by a week's fast, which formerly lasted forty days, ending on Christmas Eve. Throughout much of Greece it is traditional to kill a pig for Christmas, although in many villages of Thessaly people are satisfied with fowl. Indispensable is the *Christopsoma* (Bread of Christ), a large round loaf, with a cross formed of dough in the middle and with four chestnuts on each side and a fifth in the center. This is a leavened loaf but without any sugar, although in the cities it is so highly decorated with candied fruits that it resembles a sweet loaf. Special Christmas cakes as well as a number of other dishes are also prepared for the occasion.

Christmas Eve is a time for caroling, or the *kalenda*. The carols are about the birth of Christ, the joy that is spread all over the world, "so good master give us something so that we can enjoy with ease Christmas Day." In some parts of Greece adults as well as children go caroling. In addition to triangles which they play while singing, the children may carry little paper ships or houses and lighted lanterns. The carolers in the cities receive coins or sweets, but in the villages they are content with currants and nuts. They avoid homes that are in mourning, although earlier in the day many people have probably visited the cemeteries with offerings of food for the dead.

On Christmas Day itself the more devout go to the early communion service and then on to the home of the eldest relative (if he is very poor, then to the home of the richest relative). Here, in Thessaly at least, they drink *kokorozoumo*, a boullion made from boiled chicken, lamb, and beef, to which a lemon flavoring has been added. In Macedonia, a traditional dish is *dolmades*, or stuffed pickled cabbage leaves prepared on Christmas Eve and allowed to simmer in a sauce pan on a low fire all night. The men in particular drink a great deal of liquor throughout the day and generally end up inebriated, partly because they have been to call on those named Christos or Christina and been duly treated. Christmas Day, though not a time for exchanging gifts, is a special occasion to be celebrated.

Yet throughout this whole twelve-day period many of the peasants reveal an unusual anxiety, for they believe that the Evil Eye is unusually active at this time. Windows and doors must be kept shut so that bad spirits will not bring in illnesses of any kind; furthermore, these spirits — called *kallikantzari* — are usually mischievous as well. They are supposed to be little men with goats' feet, enormous heads, and big ears; they are black, for they come down the chimney which must be kept closed. To be on the safe side, it is well to put a little sugar and a glass of water by the fireplace for them to eat and drink and thus be less inclined to do harm. Every village literally teems with stories about the kallikantzari at this time of year and details differ greatly as to their appearance and pranks. Their presence is

1:Sanders Z-5-4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

considered so real that many villagers going outdoors after dark take both a light and a cross for protection. Nor should one do any washing of clothes during the Twelve Days, go to the fields to work, borrow from a neighbor, or believe in the efficacy of dreams since they will not come true at this time.[9]

After the Emmanuels have had their nameday on the twenty-sixth and the Stephens theirs on the twenty-seventh, the women start preparing the traditional New Year's Eve dishes. On the thirtieth special attention is given to the baking of the *vasilopita*, a special cake named in honor of Saint Basil (Hagios Vasilis), a very important figure. A coin has been placed in the cake, on the top of which the date of the year is written. Chestnuts and almonds are used for decorations.

On New Year's Eve, throughout the day, the children go around caroling again much as they did on Christmas Eve, but on this occasion it is St. Basil's kalenda. The children carry a highly decorated branch of the sorb-tree or sometimes the olive with which they tap people on the shoulder in order to wish them good luck during the year. In return they expect a gift such as dried fruit. The youngsters add a festive air to the day and help build up the emotional crescendo that becomes quite evident as evening approaches — everyone is anxious to find out what their luck will be for the coming year. Excitement is particularly keen around midnight with the cutting of the vasilopita; first, the head of the house cuts a piece of this cake for the Virgin, then one for the house, then one for the job that the head of the house does, then his own piece to be followed by one for his wife and each child in turn. Everyone is curious to find out in what piece the lucky coin will turn up. Should it be in the Virgin's piece, it will be placed on the household shrine, but if any member of the family finds it in his piece he feels fortunate indeed.

If the family members exchange any gifts, it is done at this special event on New Year's Eve and not at Christmas. In Northern Greece especially the villagers play cards to test their luck. If anyone loses he is apt to say, "If I lose at cards, I'll win during the year." Those who win say, "I'll be lucky."

The devout go to the New Year's Day church service at which the liturgy of St. Basil is employed, and when they come home they are careful to step into the house with their right foot; if they have brought a new icon from the church, the one carrying it will step into the house first. During the day the men pay calls on such village notables as the community president, the priest, the doctor, or the schoolteacher and are served wine with a sort of canape. The women, dressed in their very best, serve the guests. Students, soldiers, and others away from home try to get back to their village for at least a two- or three-day visit. On New Year's Day the card games are taken up again.

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The second, third, and fourth of January are ordinary working days, but on January 5 people expect a half-day off since it is Epiphany Eve, at which time children also sing the kalenda about the baptism of "the child of God." There is a five o'clock service in the morning at which occurs the first blessing of the waters. Those in attendance have brought jugs or cups for the blessed water which they take home to use in curing the sick or preventing the Evil Eye during the year. But on Epiphany itself occurs the most spectacular second blessing of the water, done in front of everybody at the church or near some body of water into which the cross is thrown. Swimmers are ready to dive in after it and struggle for its possession. The one who succeeds in gaining it is not only assured of good luck during the year but he can pass throughout the crowd and even the community to collect money from those solicited.

On Epiphany the priest visits the homes of the parish to bless each room by sprinkling holy water there, thus guaranteeing that all kallikantzari[1] have been exorcised and chased back to their lairs beneath the earth until the next Twelve Days comes around.

Easter brings with it a wealth of customs, a blend of the pagan and the Christian, which are lightened by the coming of spring and the renewal of nature. Although they are "all of a piece" in the peasant mind, they can be best understood by the outsider in terms of Carnival, Lent, and Holy Week.

Carnival begins nine weeks before Easter and runs for three weeks. The second week is climaxed by Meat Sunday and the third week by Cheese Sunday. This is the time for weddings which otherwise could not take place until after Easter; this is the time for masquerades, although these are less pronounced in the villages than in the cities; this is also the time when family groups get together for little feasts before the Great Fast starts forty days before Easter. The last two Saturdays of Carnival and the first Saturday of Lent are *psychosabbata*, or memorial days for the dead. On the Thursday of the middle week of Carnival, members of the family, bringing their own food with them, gather in the home of the eldest relative to have a special meal, and on this occasion they allow some dish to scorch on the stove and smell up the house in the belief that this will bring good luck. This day is called *tsichnopempti*, since *tsichna* stands for the odor of burning flesh.

Meat Sunday is the eighth one before Easter (the villagers count Easter as one of the Sundays). On this day the people are supposed to start doing without meat products for the Lenten period. On the following Sunday, called Cheese Sunday, the forbidden foods are broadened to include milk products as well. This latter holiday is especially colorful in many parts of Greece, for on this day the village boys prepare piles of wood on various heights to be lit after dark. This is also the day for visiting older relatives

[1] [These are bad spirits – ANALYST]

1:Sanders Z-5,* (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

796 and godparents in order to beg their forgiveness. Before the evening meal
[783] begins the younger members of the family kneel before their parents to ask their pardon for a wrongdoing and to receive a blessing. Carnival is definitely at an end.

796 Over and over again I asked local informants how many of the people
785 kept the Great Fast before Easter. In the villages the replies were often as
262 high as 80 percent of the older people, but more and more it seems that the younger generation keeps the fast for the one week immediately following Cheese Sunday and then takes it lightly until the Holy Week just prior to Easter. The villagers do not find it hard to give up meat because they actually have little available, but they do find that doing without eggs and cheese is restrictive. The pious manage to live on vegetables, bread, olives, and fruit.

796 Lent gets off to a frantic start with Clean Monday (*Kathara Deftera*),
[783] which is supposedly a period of purification of body and soul. Kitchen
[356] utensils are polished until they shine, walls whitewashed to make them look like new, floors scrubbed, and everything made ready for the big holiday
[574] which is in store. Townspeople in particular spend this day with their families on a picnic, with many localities having favorite spots that may originally have had a sacred meaning.

[533] Eight days before Easter is the Day of St. Lazarus. On its eve the young
[574] girls sing what are called Lazarus songs, and on the day itself they go visiting. They are decorated with flowers and hold palm or laurel branches in their hands. They represent the death and resurrection of Lazarus and re-
[535] ceive presents in return for their performance. On this day, too, there are frequently dances in the village squares.

[778] On Palm Sunday the palm or laurel branches are woven into the form
[787] of a cross, around which several folk beliefs center. For example, some vil-
[751] lagers believe they can tell the future from the cross; and others say this palm cross can be used against the Evil Eye.

[356] Holy Week finds the emotional build-up for Easter increasing day by day. On Monday the housewives put everything in order, particularly if bad weather previously has kept them from getting all the cleaning done. The devout go to church, usually in the evening, although a liturgy is held in
[825] the morning as well. In some villages the residents may tie rags in their front door to keep away insects. On Tuesday the people do very little regular work because, as the housewives put it, "we are getting ready for
[788] Easter." On Wednesday those attending the morning service are anointed
[252] with oil on the forehead, chin, and cheeks (sign of the cross) and, in rural areas, new yeast is prepared in the church and distributed to families for use throughout the year. On Holy Thursday everybody takes the afternoon off, "for it was on this afternoon that Christ was seized." To commemorate the crucifixion in the evening service, the priests read twelve passages from

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

branches) from the hillsides to the house. But the most frequently described and the most romantic arrangements are the *nychteria*, or the groups of women who work together in the evening:

> In the nychteria women help each other finish lighter types of work such as carding, the breaking and cleaning of almonds, cornhusking, kneading of ring biscuits, and the like. In these nocturnal pursuits in certain places customs are strict and men are strictly forbidden to participate. Because this type of work is housework and is carried out in the late hours of the day, it usually takes the form of a social gathering. Drinks and roasted chickpeas are offered, jokes are told, games are played, stories and anecdotes are told, and there is singing and dancing.[1]

Once in a while this dancing may last until dawn. In the summertime, especially, the women gather in the village lanes and spin by the light of the moon or a torch of resinous wood.

When a woman, whose husband is dead or off in the army, needs help which no kinship group can provide, she will go to the head of some other family and say: "My son has gone into the army. I have only daughters. If you will help me in man's work my daughters will help you." They then become *kollegoi* (colleagues or partners) and carry out the agreed-upon obligations.

These examples are not intended to cover the wide range of mutual-aid activities, but they serve to highlight their main features. Fishermen have numerous arrangements for helping one another; farmers may rent a field and work it jointly, or even own olive or nut trees in common. In general, these mutual-aid arrangements are viewed as quite different from landlord-tenant contracts which occurred in many forms before the land redistribution in the 1920s. Those tied together in mutual-aid agreements think of themselves as coequal and not as superior and subordinate partners. Nor do these mutual-aid traditions ordinarily apply to cases where money alone is given as full payment for services received. Instead, they make it possible for villagers to meet many of their important needs without having to pay money for services rendered. The mutual-aid practices discussed here differ also from what might be called philanthropy or deeds done for "the good of the soul" which will be looked at more closely in connection with the villager's religion.

Beyond any question, there is a strong strain of cooperation even among the individualistic Greeks. Although somewhat overidealized, the following comment by T. K. Papaspyropoulos about his Peloponnesian village portrays the essence of mutual aid there:

> When somebody gets sick everybody goes to visit him and look after him. When a young girl gets married all the village goes and helps. When they sow, plow, winnow, or do any other village tasks one person helps the other.

1:Sanders Z-5H (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

ning or the very late hours are the times when the people pay most attention to the radio. During the busy evening hours it is very difficult to listen to or enjoy the radio because of the noise the participants make.

The different outsiders who stop by the coffeehouse, particularly the most central and attractive one, bring news and diversion. The bus driver, a government official en route to some other village, a commission merchant after agricultural products or livestock, a stray American tourist, are links with the larger society. Frequently, some offhand remark by one such stranger, because it has the ring of authority, influences the opinions of those present and thereby the opinions of others in the village who receive the information secondhand. Not to be overlooked, of course, is the eye-witness report some fellow villager brings back from the city or a provincial town where he has gone to arrange a business or legal matter. More often than not he can hardly wait to get to the coffeehouse so that he can hold the spotlight as long as he can stretch out the account of what he saw.

These attractions do not begin to exhaust all the possibilities. Anyone with business to transact arranges to meet the other party or parties at a coffeehouse. One may also go to the same place for a haircut. In Kimine, all three of the coffeehouses have what passes for a barber shop in one corner. Since there is no partitioning, the barber chair, mirror, and all tonsorial activities are in full view of the coffeehouse patrons. The barber is particularly in his glory on Saturday and Sunday nights, when the coffeehouses are at their busiest. Likewise, in Anthili, in Central Greece, the three barbers there ply their trade in the coffeehouses, and so it is throughout most of rural Greece. Now and then one even comes across a singing barber who entertains when business is slack. Most coffeehouse proprietors consider him a prize asset.

The Coffeehouse Clientele

But knowing what attracts the villagers to the coffeehouse does not tell us who is attracted and to what coffeehouses. Nor does it give us sufficient insight into the way community decisions are reached in the coffeehouse setting. For such information we need to take a closer look at the findings for Stavroupolis:

> Ninety percent of the adult males of the village visit at least one of the seven coffeehouses from time to time. Almost all of these go at least 1–2 days a month throughout the year, with about four fifths going an average of at least 1–2 days a week.
>
> More people go during the summer, but those who go during the winter go more often. Most people vary their frequency from winter to summer and those who change least are obviously those who go every day.
>
> Most people spend at least an hour whenever they go to the coffeehouse, but

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

181 stances of parents who disposed of some of their precious livestock to get
871 the necessary money to help a son finish a year in a secondary school in the nearby town.

[173] This appreciation of education has many roots. For one thing, the old folks keep alive the stories of the secret schools which were held clandestinely during Turkish times in those areas where the Turks did not permit schools to operate. In such cases the priest, the only literate man in the village, would open a night school to which the boys would go to learn to read and write. Since the Greek villagers, like many peasants in other countries, dislike to be out after dark, the boys were always a little fearful as they went between their homes and the secret school. They longed for a
• [533] full moon to light their way and sang the following song, which is still heard today in village schools as a tradition:

> My brilliant small moon,
> Give me light to walk and go to school,
> To learn the alphabet
> And to be educated into God's work.

In the old days, then, education was precious because it was hard to get and involved a risk.

156 But it also is one of man's best ways of expressing his own individuality.
181 Education, though a socializing influence in the early stages, becomes in-
871 dividualistic in the upper reaches. There each student seeks to appropriate for himself from the lecture, the reading, or the discussion that which fits into his own evolving interests and plans. Though socially derived and acquired, education in its essence is highly individualistic. This the Greek can appreciate.

555 In addition, education in Greece, as elsewhere, is the ladder of oppor-
181 tunity which youngsters can climb to reach the city or to move into some
871 coveted profession. For, along with valuing an education, there is the corollary honor paid to those who can boast an education and wear it well.
[46] Furthermore, an education and a well-paid white-collar job resulting from it eliminate the necessity of manual labor, which the Greek finds most uncongenial. The university professor, for instance, is not only a man of re-
[643] pute but is also a man of affairs. When the king needs a caretaker government to hold things together until a new government is formed after a forthcoming election, he more often than not asks a professor to serve as prime minister.

857 In spite of the high place given education, the village boys and girls have
872 to earn theirs the hard way. For them there is truly no royal road to learning. In confirmation of this, we turn again to T. K. Papaspyropoulos and the account of his Peloponnesian village.[2]

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

not well is ever present; and the dying man laments that he must see the sun no more, nor the light of the moon, the mountains, the shade of plane-trees, and the cool fountain because in Hades there breaks no dawn, and sings no bird, and no fountains of water flow." [19]

This same theme is brought out in the tradition which the villagers call the "water of forgetfulness."

> Each person upon dying goes to the underworld. There he starts crying and is in despair because he died and had to leave the world which still seems so sweet to him. The other dead laugh at him. This happens for just one day because the other dead feel sorry for the newcomer, take him to a spring and tell him to drink some water. After he has had some he in his turn forgets the upper world and laughs at the newcomers who come later on. This happens to all who die.[20]

When a person is believed to be dying, a candle is lit, probably so the soul will be sure to have some light as it moves into the other world. If any of this candle remains after a person dies, according to some village people, for three successive days you must put water in a little coffee cup and light the candle for ten minutes after sunset. You then take the water and throw it outside where nobody will be apt to walk on it. You also cut a narrow piece from the shroud and tie three knots in it, placing it in front of the icon. For three days you untie one of the knots and then sew the piece of cloth in the shirt of one of the male members of the family, who wears this piece until the shirt wears out. In the Naupaktos area, after a person dies all windows and doors are closed so death cannot get out. One person of the household shouts, "Death, leave the old man [or whoever is dead]." This is repeated many times in the hope that death can hear. It is done, the people say, to keep death from coming again to take someone else from that home.[21] Such shouting is not the custom in all parts of Greece, however.

What one does find quite generally in the rural areas, however, is the *myriologion*, or funeral dirge, which the women of the household and those from the neighborhood begin to sing as soon as death has come. Some of these have been conventionalized to the point that several women may all know the same dirge for a husband, child, or mother, and sing parts of it in turn rocking back and forth; in some parts of Greece the women improvise dirges in keeping with the prescribed musical form. These songs, sung in the house before burial, at the grave at stated intervals after death, or even as a woman is passing by the cemetery, may consist of questions put to the dead: "Why did you leave us?" "Why did you go so soon?" "How do you think the house can get on without you?" [22] Those myriologia that have traditional content passed on from generation to generation are the source of many of the popular beliefs about the afterlife, and they illustrate as well as any aspect of Greek rural life the persistence of pre-Christian

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Vlach EH15

traits. From time to time, the men of the village may scoff at these myriologia as "women's business," and they certainly do not join in the singing, but many of them would feel uncomfortable if these dirges were not sung in their homes when occasion demanded. In the cities such customs as these are dying out, but not among the rural people.

The body is washed in wine and prepared for burial, with the interment usually taking place within twenty-four hours. A most vividly recalled procession was that of a seventeen-year-old boy in Metsovo (Epirus) who had been killed the day before by a land mine left over from the guerrilla war. This was a Wallachian (Koutso-Vlach) town, mentioned in my description of the life of the shepherd. We watched the procession form just outside the church. First came a boy carrying the lid of the coffin, since it is still customary to leave the coffin open as the procession moves through the streets of the town; then the altar boys carrying the banners, followed by three priests in their liturgical robes, then the coffin — all in white — carried by six young men in black homespun. Next followed the boy's father, supported by his relatives, a weeping fourteen-year-old brother, then a score of other men. The children from the school playground went up to watch the procession pass. Shortly afterwards, the mother, loudly wailing, came out of the church, also supported by her relatives and about forty or fifty women dressed in their traditional holiday costumes, brilliant despite the absence of much of their finery and the heavy accent of black trimmings. They formed a second procession which headed up a hill to the family home because in Metsovo, unlike the villages which are ethnically Greek, the women do not go to the cemetery. The grandmother, easily identified, was striking herself on the head in a display of grief.

As the two processions went their separate ways, the square remained quiet and even the children seemed hushed in their play. At such moments it is apparent that in a village the family is not alone in its grief, but feels strongly the bonds that bind it to the rest of the community. Although death does mean separation, the villagers deal with it in a way that reinforces the social ties among the living. And grief has its rituals, too, which come down from prehistoric times. Women are supposed to express themselves loudly and in public, giving outlet to their pent-up emotions and freeing themselves from the repressions that might otherwise build up. Men, too, can cry in public, although they prefer to do it in the presence of other men rather than before women.

In watching the progress of a funeral procession in another village, I noticed that, with its approach, the doors and windows of shops and houses all shut down tightly, but only until the procession passed. Some said this was done "so the evil could not get through" to the living, but people in the village of Terpitsa claimed that they shut the doors so that only the door of the other world would remain open to the dead person.[22]

2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 463 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

church of St. Cosmas and St. Damian, therefore, Vasilika's public buildings and its two commercial establishments are concentrated toward the end of the village that is closest to the turnoff from the highway.

The part of the village street which is between the two coffeehouses is called the *aghora* (market place), and it is here that the public life of the village is carried on. The bus stops at the *aghora*. Most of the itinerant peddlers stand there and loudly shout their wares. Government officials sit in one or the other of the coffeehouses to conduct business with the villagers. At the end of a day's work in the fields and throughout much of every day in the winter, Vasilika's men sit in the coffeehouses to talk, occasionally to play cards, and, incidentally, to drink coffee or, in the summer, soft drinks. On feast days and holidays musicians come to the *aghora*, and the villagers, their guests, and people from the neighboring settlements gather to listen to the music, and to take turns at dancing and at watching the dancers. For the most part, however, the world of the *aghora*, and, indeed, the public world of the village, is a male world penetrated sporadically by children of both sexes. Business with government officials or with artisans is conducted by the men. Men do the marketing from the peddlers of fresh foods, and buy whatever items are needed from the village stores. Little girls up to the age of twelve or fourteen, alone or with their brothers, may be sent to the *aghora* on errands, but older girls and women will venture into the area only to pass through it on their way to church or to the fields. I have seen a young mother from the eastern end of the village, when she heard the calls of a tomato vendor, walk to the edge of the *aghora* area. She stood some two hundred feet from the tomato wagon, shouted to the peddler to ask what his prices were, and then waited in the same spot until she could send a passing child to buy her tomatoes for her.

The private world of the villagers, which is more significant than the public one both from their own point of view and from that of the outside observer of the culture and social structure of the region, is concentrated in and around the homes. With a few exceptions to be noted later, each of Vasilika's married men owns the house in which he lives with his wife and children. The structural type and size of the houses and the arrangement of each family's compound of buildings varies partly with the age of the buildings and partly with the income level of the owners. The large older houses are two-story rectangular stone buildings with an outside staircase leading to the terrace of the second story. There is no way of reaching the upper rooms from the inside of the house. The terrace, with wooden plank flooring if there has been no recent renovation, and of cement, if there has been, is a constant feature of the two-story houses. The roofs are peaked and covered with red tiles. Stones are used to keep loose tiles in place. Large two-story houses built since the end of World War II are constructed on the same pattern, but with flat terrazzo roofs. Most of these are still constructed of the local stone. A second type of older house is smaller in area, has only one floor, and is built either of the prevailing stone or of whitewashed stucco covering a brick frame. Some of these structures have no windows, and when this is the case, they are more frequently than not used as combined storage houses and barns. However, several of Vasilika's families live in such

2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 463 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

581 583 over his daughter-in-law's land or money.) From the groom's point of view, an industrious young girl also has high value, and if she is healthy, good-looking, modest, virtuous, and amiable as well, she is of still additional worth. Therefore, an ugly older girl with a bad reputation would have to bring a large dowry to compensate for her personal deficiencies. Conversely, an attractive, healthy, virtuous young girl might be able to marry a slightly wealthier man than her dowry would normally be expected to command. Greek folk songs often lament the [533] story of a young girl who attracted a wealthy older suitor to whom her family married her because he was willing to take a smaller dowry. The songs, in this instance, reflect actual situations known on the Boeotian countryside, although they do not occur with any great frequency.

Negotiations, Courtship, and Marriage

584 For the families involved, the marriage negotiations have the quality of participation in a kind of ritualized contest. A young man may have been recommended to a girl's father; the father sends an intermediary with information as to how much dowry he is willing to give; the intermediary then goes off to the groom and his father, to whom he exaggerates the size of the dowry and the qualities of the girl. The villagers assume he will also exaggerate the qualities of the groom to the girl's family. The enjoyment of the game lies in each group's efforts indirectly to get accurate information about the other side. This is done by making inquiries among one's own relatives living in the prospective spouse's village and by asking questions of others who know the family. Secrecy about the very existence of the negotiations is helpful at this point, because the villagers do not believe they can get accurate information if anyone knows they have a direct interest in the matter. Many times a sister in another village will act as informal intermediary for her brother and try to find out how much of a dowry some of the better young men are asking for. Tentative questions of this sort may be asked for years before a serious negotiation is finally fully launched. These tentative steps may be terminated at any time without loss of honor on either side if the young man informs the intermediary that the dowry is not quite enough, or if the girl's father uses the excuse that his daughter is not yet [583] ready to marry because she has not accumulated sufficient *rukha*. In fact, the grooms are not interested in the *rukha*. As one villager phrased it, "It is land and money they burn for around here."

In Vasilika, both in the previous generations and at present, it has been possible for a young man and woman never to have seen each other until the first formal occasion for meeting. However, a young man may have seen an attractive girl at a *paniyiri* or other festival, and may have asked his father to [834] investigate her situation. But, since unmarried village boys and girls do not talk to each other in public unless they are related, the chances are that he has never talked to her. A young girl may, in her turn, know a great deal about the young men in the surrounding villages and may also have had opportunities to see them at the local festivities, but may never have talked to any of them. In any case, it

2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

583 marriage and affairs, so that there is less danger that they will allow themselves
593 to be compromised and less need to claim male protection.

[182] Yet, with all the difficulties and sacrifices required by the dowry and
[836] arranged marriage system in Vasilika, there have been very few young people
[577] who have "gone to the mountains," as the villagers phrase elopements of couples who have fallen in love. One or two such affairs seem to occur in each generation, at a time when the girl's male relatives are dead or not in the village; and among young people each of whose families have relatively few economic
[558] resources. The subsequent standard of living of the couples has been among the lowest in the village, and the men never fully recover from the stigma of such senseless behavior, from the villagers' view. Observable examples reinforce the villagers' argument that there is no hope for a decent life without a dowry, and reinforce their admonitions to their sons to wait for properly arranged marriages and not to be *trelos* (crazy) and run off to the mountains with a girl. The admonition gains force from the further observation that if the eloping young couples have little, their children will have still less. Any man who accepts a girl without a dowry is thought to be cheating his children of their rightful inheritance from their mother.

[183] Yet, as we have had occasion to remark in other connections, the structure of marriage arrangements in Vasilika is not quite as rigid and as precise as the foregoing generalized description might imply. One Vasilika brother, in speaking of a sister who had become his responsibility after their father's death, remarked "Glory be to God (and he crossed himself) she met a man who liked her and was willing to take her with nothing but the *rukha* and what we had
[533] in the house." The unexpected can happen in Vasilika, and infant girls are still dandled with songs about how their beauty will some day attract a husband without a dowry.

Family and Kin Structure

59
583 The foregoing discussion of family activities and of the forms of
182 property inheritance and circulation has by implication involved questions of family structure. By giving a newly married couple property of its own to manage, the dowry serves as a mechanism to separate the newly married couple structurally from either of their two sets of parents. This is true even when the farmers bring their brides back to their fathers' households. Such patrilocal residence produces the temporary situation of a functioning, cooperative, extended, patrilineal kin group, but one that is continually aware of its distinct component elementary families. We have said temporary because there is no contemplation that the several elementary family groups concerned will live out their lives in a joint, cooperative household.

601 The kinship terminology used in the village is congruent with the struc-
171 ture underlying the realities and expectations of the situation just described. Greek terms of reference for mother, father, grandfather, grandchildren, cousin,

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

A VILLAGE FESTIVAL

and his mitre in its brass box, were borne away to the church on a flood of ragged boys, and we followed rather more sedately while the bells jangled in the tower. The Metropolitan went straight to his throne on the south side of the church after vesting in the open narthex, and I was led to the stall on his right, immediately beneath the great eikon of the Pantocrator in the dome. The church had been recently redecorated and a gay diaper pattern now covered every part of the interior that was not frescoed. Not for the first time I was struck by the contrast between the comeliness and colour of the village church and the squalid dwellings which surrounded it. The little groups of people who had followed us up the stony path from the *mesokhori*, or village-square, crowded into the church, setting up their candles before the eikons of our Lord and His Mother, bringing loaves bearing the seal "Jesus Christ conquers" and wine for the offering, oil for the lamps and lists of relatives and friends, both living and departed, to be commemorated at the liturgy that morning. The parish priest came with the singers and the verger to ask the Bishop's blessing, and the morning office (the first part of which had been sung before our arrival) was taken up again.

While the Magnificat was being sung, the parish priest went all about the building censing the holy things and the holy people with a proper indiscrimination, and when the great doxology was reached the sacristan ran down the church and set the three chandeliers swinging in alarming fashion while the belfry again resounded to the clash of metal. Mattins gave place to the divine liturgy; the church became more and more crowded till the people filled the narthex and overflowed down the steps into the path outside. The scouts arrived; the chandeliers swung more slowly, scattering drops of molten wax upon the heads of the congregation and splashing the strip of brightly coloured carpet which extended from the holy table down into the midst of the church; the incense and the venerable prayers rose to heaven, and the children scrambled up the stair leading to the high pulpit or balanced on the backs of the stalls occupied by their grandfathers.

The Epistle (from St. Paul's letter to the Philippians), was read by the chief singer, or *psaltes*, a soldier from the garrison at Nevrokopi who had learned the traditional chant in some village church on Pangaion, overlooking the ruined basilica where "the saints in Christ Jesus which were in Philippi" celebrated in their day that same holy offering in which we at Dasoto were taking part. There, like the ragged boys who now pressed upon him from all sides, he had joined with slowly growing

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

confidence in the familiar chants, had had a hand clapped precisely to his mouth when he rashly ventured upon the uncharted depths of one less familiar, and little by little had attained to his present mastery of his art. This is the universal method for training singers: the Greeks know nothing of the prolonged agony of choir-practices. As a boy gains confidence he will occasionally be permitted to sing the Epistle at the liturgy: it is by no means unusual, even in a big urban parish, to see such a 'reader'—perhaps not more than twelve or thirteen years of age.

The Gospel was sung from the throne—not from the pulpit—by the parish priest, and, as is customary, was followed immediately by the sermon. The men and boys parted to allow the Bishop to reach his throne, and then closed in solidly around him: a sea of intent faces stretching from the doors of the sanctuary out through the shadowed narthex into the fierce glare of sunlight beyond. The sermon, as befitted the occasion, was homely both in language and illustration. The Bishop took his text from the Gospel appointed for the feast: "Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it". He pictured the two sisters: Martha, "cumbered about much serving" (a pungent sipasng reference to certain absent members of his flock who were so preoccupied with their chaffering that they could ill spare an hour or two to come to church), and Mary, who "sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word". It was well that we should hearken to the divine word; that we should come to church and hear the holy Gospels read Sunday by Sunday. It was still more to the point, however, that we should be not mere hearers of the word but doers also; that we should not only *hear* the word of God but *keep* it. Therein lay the true holiness of that other Mary, the Mother of the Word. It was on account of her entire conformity to the divine will that we venerated her, the fiery chariot of the word, the bush burning and yet unconsumed, above every creature: above the bodiless powers and the choirs of archangels, above the cherubim and seraphim who veil their faces before the unapproachable glory.

"For us too, my children", the Bishop went on, "this is the sure way of salvation. There are no bounds to the creative energy of the word in the life of the Christian who surrenders himself in simplicity to its power". A series of illustrations followed: the eunuch of Queen Candace, hearing the divine word and straightway being baptised; the converting power of the word as revealed in the life of St. Augustine —a father who figures so infrequently in the discourses of Greek prelates

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as to lead me to suspect the offering of a discreet compliment to western Christendom; the fruits of the word, love, joy and peace, made manifest in the life and death of the blessed Polycarp. 796

"And you boys", said the Bishop, with 'a diligent and busy cast of his eye' toward certain of the more youthful of his auditors; "you who steal eggs and fruit and take other people's food out of the communal oven: there is no reason why you—if you keep the word of God faithfully—should not be as great as St. Peter or St. Paul, or why at the end of your lives you should not be able to echo those ever-memorable words of Polycarp: 'These eighty and six years have I been His servant' . . ."

Looking round that crowded church, my mind went to the Whitsuntide hymn: "Blessed art thou, O Christ our God, who hast made the fishermen wise by the sending down upon them of the Holy Spirit, and through them hast drawn the world into thy net."

The sermon ended, the singers took up the solemn chant of the Hymn of the Cherubim, and a hush fell upon the congregation as the ministers with their attendants emerged from the prothesis chapel and made their slow circuit of the church, the veiled oblations borne aloft, to the accompaniment of that all-embracing appeal: [533]

> May the Lord God be mindful of us all
> in His kingdom, always, now and for ever,
> and unto the ages of ages.

The holy gifts were carried up within the sanctuary and laid upon the altar. The singers resumed their interrupted hymn; the atmosphere was heavy with incense—which, say the commentators, is here an emblem of the mixture of myrrh and aloes which Nicodemus brought for the entombment of the Lord: [782]

> Lo, Christ is crucified, the Life is buried,
> the tomb is made fast, the stone is sealed.

Two shallow alms-baskets piled high with tattered notes were passed slowly round the church, while the sacristan sprinkled perfume from a pewter vessel into the outstretched hands of the more accessible among the male members of the congregation. [794]

The long drawn-out alleluias died away into silence as the parish [788]

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788 oneself. All other considerations apart, such a setting is hardly favourable to
796 the growth of certain individualistic types of piety which flourish amongst
[346] the Franks, who worship their Creator in strange and novel ways, each isolated from his fellow and entrenched within the citadel of his own pew.

In Greece there is but one celebration of the liturgy on a Sunday or holy day in any one church. This is a rule which is waived only in cases [346] of extreme necessity and then only when a *parekklesion*, or side-chapel, is available so that it is not necessary to use the same altar twice (most [793] Greek churches have only one altar). A priest may celebrate only once on any given day.

In Greece the times of services are never announced and questions on this score are invariably met with evasive if not actually misleading replies. Services commence earlier in summer than in winter. An hour or two after sunrise the bells will be rung and the priest and a couple of readers will begin to sing the morning offices—*mesonyktikon* (which should, as the name indicates, be read at midnight, as it is in the monastic use), and *orthros*, or lauds, the office of the dawn. Towards the end of the latter service—perhaps an hour or more after the village's first awakening—the bells will be rung a second time. Still the church is comparatively empty. The holy eucharist follows *orthros* without a break about nine o'clock, and by the time that the thrice-holy hymn is sung (when the bells summon the faithful for the third and last time) the congregation will have begun to swell, until, at the great entry with the holy gifts, the greater part of the village will be packed within the walls of the church, the men to the right, the women to the left, the air by this time heavy with incense.

788 The whole service is invariably sung. What the west knows as a low
533 mass, the 'early service' or 'eight o'clock', dear to so many English churchmen, is unknown to the Greeks. The traditional Byzantine chant is still more or less universal and is always sung without instrumental accompaniment; only in certain urban parishes has it been partially displaced of recent years by that bastard child of strangely-matched parents, the so-called European chant. In its pure form the traditional plainsong can be quite ravishing in its unearthly beauty. Never shall I forget the singing of the monks of Moni Petraki who gather morning by morning in their tiny church, while Athens lies in darkness and before the first tramcar has gone clanging down the tree-lined avenue of the *Basilissa* Sophia towards the outer suburbs.

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HEAVEN UPON EARTH

"Nowhere, either in Greece or the East," observes the Abbé de St. Michon, "do men sing as loud as we do. It is an usage that we owe to the barbarism of our fathers. The oriental psalmody is sweet, low and without effort." Alas! it is not always so. "Their singing", says Thomas Smith, "is very mean and pitifull, without figure and the relishes of art, and is at best but a 'kind of harsh Plain-song." "We heard the Greek Vespers", wrote Sir George Wheler in 1675, "worse sung than *Hopkins* Psalms used to be in some of our Country Churches." All too frequently the beauty of the traditional chant has been overlaid by accretions and adornment from alien sources; and its delivery, as the Abbé justly remarks, "with nasal sounds which weary European ears". Much of the "tedious and indiscreet length of liturgies" whereof so many Frankish travellers have complained, is due not to any inner necessity of the rite itself but solely to the elaboration of the chant. The restoration of the oriental plainchant to something of its earlier simplicity and directness has therefore become an imperative need in circles where the holy mysteries are celebrated frequently: one cannot expect the laity to spend the greater part of every morning in church. There are churches in Greece to-day where the liturgy is celebrated with great reverence in an hour and a quarter, even when many of the secret prayers are read aloud.

Concelebration—which has all but disappeared from the west—is still very much a reality in Greece, and is an important factor in enabling the Greek Church to retain the ancient rule of a single eucharist attended by the whole church in each several locality. On a Sunday morning at an important parish church, such as St. Panteleimon, Acharnon (in the suburbs of Athens), one may see five or six priests attended by a deacon concelebrating at the great square altar, often with a bishop (one of the suffragans of the Archbishop, or a provincial metropolitan serving his term of duty as a member of the synod) presiding over the whole assembly. The Greek bishop or priest who finds himself away from his own diocese on the Lord's day does not take his place amongst the laity in the body of the church but joins the other ministers gathered around the holy table and there fulfils his proper liturgy.

Now there are those who, while recognising that the Orthodox Church has in many respects faithfully preserved the liturgical tradition of the first centuries of our era, would yet ask whether the liturgy of the laity has not—within the bounds of the *oikoumene* no less than in the

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morning she will set out for the parish church with her loaf, and arriving whilst the singers are still chanting the morning psalms, and taking it to the door of the chapel where the elements are prepared, she will hand it to the priest together with a vessel of wine, the family diptychs —or lists of relatives and friends, both living and departed, to be commemorated by name at the holy eucharist—and perhaps a flask of oil for the lamps and a few grains of incense. Even in an urban parish church the faithful may purchase a sealed loaf at the counter in the narthex where candles are sold, and send it to the celebrant with their diptychs.

It is frequently asserted that the offering of the people disappeared from the eastern liturgies at an early date. One can only marvel at the number of eminent scholars who have been led astray in this matter through failure to distinguish clearly between the offertory procession of the Roman rite and the offering itself. The procession never found a place in the Byzantine rite, which retained the older practice of presenting the bread and wine informally before the commencement of the eucharistic liturgy. So widely-used a liturgical handbook as the late Dr. Srawley's *Early History of the Liturgy* asserts that "the offerings of the people, which consisted partly of bread and wine, out of which the elements of the eucharist were taken, and partly of alms . . . continued in the west longer than in the east".[1] In actual fact the offering of the people has never disappeared from the Byzantine liturgy and may still be witnessed in any Greek village church on the Lord's day.

But even though it be admitted that the offering of the bread and wine makes the ordinary people something more than mere passive spectators at a gorgeous pageant, it may yet be said that from very early times the rightful liturgy of the laity has in practice been transferred to the choir: the common people hardly open their mouths from one end of the eucharistic liturgy to the other. Now it is true that congregational singing as practised in the west is so rare among the Greeks as to be almost unknown. Only on one of the great festivals of the Church's year will the whole congregation take up the melody of some ancient hymn: the paschal anthem *Christ is risen from the dead*, for example, or the dismissal hymn at the Epiphany. Normally those parts of the liturgy which properly belong to the laity are in fact sung by the *psaltai* or trained singers —and this applies even to the responses to the petitions of the litanies.

[1] 2nd edition, Cambridge, 1949, p. 127. Dom Gregory Dix and Professor Burkitt have already been taken to task on this issue by the Archimandrite Alexis van der Mensbrugghe.

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THE WATERS OF MARAH

788 What, on the other hand, is very common is for the laity to repeat,
796 almost inaudibly, the words of the prayers and hymns of the liturgy
533 as they are chanted by the singers. Not only is this practice very widespread among Greek Christians, it is also officially encouraged, while from very early times only the canonically appointed *psaltai* have been allowed to sing aloud in church. Thus, in a modern Greek catechism, the question:

"Does not the whole of the *laos* take part in public worship?" receives the following answer:

"Yes, it does and should take part; not only by standing reverently and following in spirit what is being done, but also by joining in and softly singing . . . thus to show that it is a lively member of the body of the Church."

In other words, the excellent practice commonly known to the western world as 'praying the mass' is one with which the ordinary
[782] Greek Christian is thoroughly familiar. He has never been accustomed to occupy the long hours that he spends in church with 'private' devotions—indeed the expression would be unintelligible to him. It is not only "pious Russians of the middle classes" who (in the words of John Mason Neale) "feel a repugnance to use any devotions but those of the Church".

It is necessary, moreover, to bear in mind that the separation between the Greek *psaltai* and the whole body of the faithful is much less marked than in western Christendom, with its surpliced choirs. The singers are quite plainly members of the congregation: the spokesmen of the
[292] whole body of the *laos* amongst whom they stand. They normally wear
[369] lay dress; only in an urban parish church will one normally see an *anagnostes*, or reader, wearing a simple black gown. The ordinary singers are indistinguishable from the rest of the people. Indeed, one of the
788 things which commonly strikes the visitor to Greece who finds his way
796 for the first time to a parish church is the unexpectedly prominent (some would say obtrusive) part played by the laity in the church services. Very often long stretches of incomprehensible offices seem to be conducted entirely by laymen; the parish priest only occasionally emerging from the sanctuary, and disappearing as quickly after a brief *ekphonesis*, to leave matters wholly in the hands of two middle-aged gentlemen in double-breasted suits, supported by a nondescript collection of young men and boys.

This, to the western mind, curiously prominent liturgical rôle of the lay-singers has occasioned comment in other ages than our own. On the
[175] feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the year of our Lord 1400, King Henry IV rode out to Blackheath at the head of an imposing array, to

/24 cont./

Harvest time is the best season for the lovers to express their love to each other. It is the time for the seasonal rush work at which people help each other. Groups of /25/ people work together and when returning home late in the evening both boys and girls sing songs that they compose in which they express their interest to each other. When parents do not agree on the proposal of the son for a certain girl, the only way to get away with it is to decide to run away with the girl.

The breaking of these holy traditions the older men of the village think is due to the railroad station which is so close to the village and the influence of city life. Another important factor that has poisoned the life of their village was the labor that started coming to the village for work. During the tobacco and opium crop years when labor was needed, the village at some seasons doubled its population with the addition of foreign labor. These people brought in short dresses, hats, silk stockings, high heel shoes and European dancing. With the passing away of these crops due to depression years the labor left the village but their influence stayed behind especially among the young. The priest, the teacher, and the "Gerousia" of the village tried hard to drive them away but all in vain.

The younger generation found a better way to give a solution to their heart's desire when their parents /26/ objected. Young men will help each other in running away with their girls. A group of them will guard the road from which the girl will pass either with knives or guns. As soon as she appears they stop her and put her on the horse with her sweetheart. While the couple goes to the designated village the rest of the group give a fight to the opposing party. The young couple appear before a priest in the other village and perform the religious ceremonies. Then their return to the village is settled by the friends of the couple. Cases of this kind are increasing in Megali Vrisi. Centuries-old traditions that have enslaved the free expression of men are being torn down and the youth find himself in freedom of self expression.

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help the father and mother in the struggle of life. At certain times of the year when there is less work at home and in the fields the neighborhood children come together and play hide and seek. When boys and girls reach the age of 11-12 they separate and seldom play together anymore. The child in Megali Vrisis has a hard time to express its freedom.

The school organizes picnics at which the teachers teach the children how to sing and dance. These picnics are the only active days that provide ample time for the children to play.

Music Music is something which is never taught but it is there always. From children to grown-ups all sing and dance singing is a part of their dance it is learned easily. There are no books or music notes and the musi-/38/ cal instrument players never learned with notes but just by hearing. Children going to the fields sing, people working in groups in the fields sing, and groups returning home from harvest sing. People sing at the coffee houses, at their homes and in the woods. Shepherds sing with their fiddles and peddlers advertise their goods with a song. Singing runs through the church services from beginning to the end and when the women dress up the bride they sing all night to her. No one writes any song to remember it. They are handed down from generation to generation and sung so often that there is no fear of forgetting them or losing them. Singing is a part of their recreational life, a part of their courtship and a part of their expression of appreciation of nature. The philosophy of life of those people is built on tradition and singing comes voluntarily to express themselves. Some of their songs have to with incidents of heroism or suffering and torture. There are songs that move one to tears and there are others that move one to sacrifice everything he possesses. Even the happiest songs are tinged with an air of sadness. It is probable that their ancestors have been through gloomy periods which has influenced their songs. May be these wars will create more such songs among the village people /39/ for their beloved ones who were killed during the spring months. Each girl who lost her sweetheart in the war will make a song for him and sing it while working in the fields.

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At times of great calamities the tempo and the variety of songs increase which are rather of a mournful type. Every one who has lost his closest friend, a son, a relative, her admirer expresses their saddest grief in song which is made by each person with a touching tune. When somebody mourns in the village usually the light gay type of music disappears for sometime and the village bans dances. All share alike in the grief of their neighbor, and even if there was a marriage, it would be postponed due to the general approval of the villagers for the sake of the mourning period.

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Reading. Megali Vrisi does more reading than any other village in the neighborhood. This is perhaps due to the influence of the priest-teacher whose life has become a part of his villagers in educating them. He served his villagers for 37 years as teacher and priest, still continuing as a priest. His main purpose for teaching his people to read and write was to make them able to read and understand the universe about them. He had his own personal library and out of it loaned books /40/ to bright farmers so that they could read them to the others. His plan in giving lectures to the farmers on certain scientific topics created among the farmers an interest in reading and discovering. The books that interested them most were biographies, histories, geography, politics and inventions. None were interested in fiction or romance.

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The younger children had more zest in reading than the older people, but there were not enough books. I often found young men, at night sitting in groups of 6 to 10 to read the whole book with a kerosene lamp light so that others might have the chance to read it too. Reading among women is done less due to the nature of their work. They arekept busy from sunrise till late at night. Another important phase of the reading is the daily newspaper at the coffee house. Everybody once or twice a day drops in at the coffee house to read the newspaper. Discussions as to its news and editorial comments are conducted between groups of different political beliefs.

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/73 cont./ fertilizing methods or rotation methods or introduction of new legume plants or a new variety of wheat. As a rule, their effect on the farmers is great with definite results. 178 476 242 874

Thus the future farmers of Megali Vrisi, working cooperatively, felt the need of adopting new methods and passing on to others the results of their /74/ investigations. It is surprising to know how effectively the cooperative project has tied up these fellows in undertaking to do other jobs useful for their village.

The individual project idea was a failure. People who live in the same village, still under the patriarchial type of family life and whose problems are so closely interwoven, cannot help but cooperate and support whole-heartedly cooperative work. This very same idea led those boys to build a community hall and a stage for theatrical shows. The whole structure was built by personal work and what money was saved from theatrical shows at Christmas. The group learned Christmas carols and sang them to every house in the village. The contributions from this event were used for the poor of the village. The small reforestation project which was started by this group has led to the development of the "Day of the Green", at which day everyone in the village planted a tree on the hill. [621] 476 621 [345] [533] [735] [314] [185]

The yearly athletic day event that provides an enjoyable gathering for the village was planned by the young men. [526]

/75/ One can easily foresee the future of such a community which will be handled by people who learned to cooperate so well in their youth. This vocational education meant more to the lives of these young men than what they got from the grammar school. [874]

Invasion of adult education. The Greek government, feeling great responsibility toward these people, who during the wars of 1912-1913, 1914-1918, and 1920-1922, lost the chance of attending schools, provided special evening lessons in each village. The lessons were handled by the teacher in the local school and thus many of these men and women had a chance to learn how 873 [658]

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impression on them. Even their wives and children are treated like slaves. The suffering of their children or their wives moves them /88/ very little. How much the hard life of wars affected them it is hard to tell.

Here on the one hand we have the unfriendly, resistant, apathetic, inferior Thracian, while on the other hand we have the friendly, frank, responsive, broad-minded and feeling-superior of the Caucasian. The pessimistic, the unconscious, unstable, unmannered, stupid and unreliable Thracian, to live with the optimistic, sensitive, self-assured, stable, mannered, intelligent and reliable Caucasian.

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Here were two groups, one ready to sacrifice time and material to improve the new village, while the other group could do nothing that was beyond the home yard. The Thracians as farmers are hard working and are contented with the old wooden plow, a one-room house, a kettle to cook in and a bowl for the whole family to eat from. Their agriculture was still primitive and fertilizers were unknown. The Thracians, like the Caucasians, believed too much in magic and that the good harvest year was largely in the hands of the divine spirit.

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Living together was hard for both groups under such conditions. The Caucasians, traditionally influenced by their community improvement ambition, started with /89/ enthusiasm to build and improve what they already found. The mutual aid, such as in barn-raising, exchange of labor, lending teams, lending tools, lending money and even food stuffs, caring for the sick and comforting the bereaved is widespread. The rush of harvesting and threshing is done cooperatively. When one once was questioned, "How do you have such a fine mutual assistance", the answer was as follows: "Well, you see one side of the picture only, that is the work part of it. The people who cooperate have the greatest fun in working, eating and drinking together. Some of the love songs find expression at such occasions like harvesting or threshing." The Caucasians were taught in their own world how to get more out of life. They know that happiness was born

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/89 cont./

a twin, and when they mourn they mourn together. Their sentimental songs are always tinged with the air of sadness. Even at the funerals they sing the same songs which they sing when they have a merry time. Mutual aid is the characteristic quality of the Caucasians in their work, in their joy, and in their sorrow. On the contrary, the Thracians are strictly individualistic and regard mutual aid as the sign of laziness. 621 476 [533] [152]

/90/ Conflicts. Regardless of the mutual aid and the cooperation they have, the conflicts are very prevalent. They occur either among the two groups or among the members of one group. The causes of the conflicts are for controlling the village cooperative, the mayorship of the village, or as a consequence of a proposal to marriage which was declined. It is important here to note that regardless of the conflict situation if the "Gerousia" wanted to finish a certain community project they all shared alike the burden. In spite of the official power the cooperative has and the organized super-imposed government mayor has, the "Gerousia", the unofficial body of old men is the real axis or the center of any unanimous movement. Conflicts which are temporarily settled by the mayor or by the goverment courts eventually reach the peaceful settlement of the "Gerousia" who know so well how to make the people forgive each other. The judge at the courts reads the law and enforces the punishment according to the act, but "Gerousia" knows so well the past of every one and even the type of family for one or two generations and touches the pride of every one by enumerating the good qualities and good dispositions of his father or grandfather. The position of "Gerousia" is that of a father and the effect they have on the person is lasting. Jealousies, small /91/ fights and family difficulties are settled by "Gerousia". This group is a government within a government, officially unknown, but it stands as the only guiding hand for the village community. At times of great distress and difficulties, people consult the "Gerousia". The church, the priest, the teacher and the doctor do not have as constructive an influence as the "Gerousia" does. It is not a voted body but has the unofficial 623 627 578 [692] [554]

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IMAGERY OF SELF

The image of the self includes that of the body and of the personality: the person. Life is structured and experienced according to the rhythm and patternings of the body, and ethics are defined by personal relationships, loyalties and roles, just as society is structured according to the physiological relationships of the body. The imagery which a lover uses to describe the body of his beloved is that which is used to praise the personal qualities of an adored leader.

There is no reference to softness in any of the personal folk songs of the Greeks, the dystichs directed toward a loved one, the lullabies, the dirges composed for a relative. The beloved is commonly likened to a tree, sometimes to a fruit tree, but most commonly to a cypress—slim, straight, tall, hard, resistant—"I embrace a cypress tightly," sings a lover. The body is likened to hard, cold substances. The neck of the beloved is made of crystal; the breasts are of marble, in the rare references found in impersonal folk songs. A lover sings: "All night I lay embracing gold."

Firmness and straightness are extremely desirable personal qualities. Babies were swaddled to keep them from going crooked and to make their backs firm. The gesture of mother love is one of holding a firm, stiff, straight bundle against the breast, not the crooking of the arms to accommodate a cuddling body. Firm and straight also is the ideal personality. Parents are urged to be firm of will with their children from birth, and to see that the children develop steadfastness. When Eleutherios Venizelos died, the leading Athenian newspaper wrote: "The cypress is fallen."

Cold, also, is attractive as well as admirable. To call a girl "cold water" is to call her attractive and desirable. Coldness and flowers are on a par in the folk songs, and lovers walk together among the flowers, or on snowy slopes. Hotness means a lack of control, unthinking response. Grief is hot, and tears wither the grass and trees they water. Love as suffering also burns: a lover sighs and 3,000 trees burn up. It is common for a passing youth to say to a girl, "You burn my heart."

The body image is the image of the Greek character. Fortitude and hardihood, firm will, a love of simplicity in food, entertainment, furnishings, the standard of living in general, are common traits. Greeks will smoke only a few cigarettes a day, drink within measure and eat in moderation; excess is disliked. Fortitude is an ever-present quality; the *philotimo* brooks no calculation of danger or pending pain before a step is taken. If a thing is worth doing, the price to be paid for it is irrelevant; and you are able to do it because you are strong and firm. You do not even ask yourself ahead of time whether you have the necessary fortitude; a Greek takes no inventory of himself because from the time he was a baby, his parents saw to it that

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of them. Like the eyes, they lead astray not through making false promises, but by engendering love. Speech is of extreme importance to the Greeks, since it establishes and fosters the all-important personal relationships. Almost everyone creates songs; love songs at the village festival, dirges, lullabies, songs of the way of life, songs of work, songs of one's village and of nature. It is important to find the graphic word in the most ordinary speech, and to turn a spicy phrase. Utterance will take the form of a small oration without creating self-consciousness; an answer is often incisive repartee. There are orations in the coffee house, and wherever a few people gather together. Even learned papers or scientific journals, when not under foreign influence, are often couched in oratory. *Couvenda*, conversation, is a recognized form of "passing the time", of entertainment, perhaps on a par with *syryani*. *Couvenda* is rarely desultory, or the mere exchange of information. It is usually contrapuntal virtuosity, incisive, combative, loud; and loudness is such a familiar quality of conversation that radios are turned on much too loud for the ears of foreigners. A statement or a question is countered by a challenging question. Tact and gentleness have no part here, insults are hurled, attacks are made, within the appropriate limits. A discussion is a battle of personal opinion, and its end is neither to reach the truth nor to reach a conclusion; its end is sheer enjoyment of vigorous speech.

The hair is a focus of erotic attraction. In the folk songs there is often the picture of a girl letting her hair down as a ladder hung for her lover. For the man, the moustache is a symbol of his manhood and attractiveness. The beard is not important, and in a folk song, a priest's wife calls her husband a bearded goat. A man without face hair is called a *Spanos*, and is a figure of derision in the folklore, and sometimes of fear.

Beyond the features of the head, very little of the body is mentioned in the personal folk songs. Genital organs must never be mentioned, and many women know no names for them. Out of over 400 love couplets analysed, only one mentions the breast, "your breast is like Paradise". Formally, as a general division of the body—the chest—the breast is named in the same way for men and women and the term can be used freely. In its form of a female breast it must not be mentioned, as none of the sexual areas are mentioned. Its functional term, however, the nursing-breast, *vyzi*, is commonly used without embarrassment and when a mother is nursing, there is no embarrassment about exposing the breast for suckling.

The sense of smell is extremely important to the Greeks. In the personal folk poems, there is much mention of sweet-smelling flowers, herbs, trees: "musk and cinnamon, a beautiful girl she is" says a rhyming game. An unexpected guest will be offered a "smell" of whatever the housewife is cooking, or the family is eating. And it

is smell which makes the cravings of a pregnant woman not to be denied. A neighbour automatically puts aside a bit of her cooking to send to the pregnant woman next door; and in a grocery store, a customer often offers a "smell" of the olives she has bought to a pregnant customer.

Orderliness is a highly valued quality. Love songs mention the orderly hair, the orderly teeth. The most recent book on child care lays great stress on avoiding the disordering of a child's teeth and facial contours, giving several sketches and photographs of wrong ways of laying the child in bed or postures in sitting at a school desk which might lead to crookedness, and detailed descriptions of specific distortions and their causes. In houses which contain only one room, areas of work and living are carefully specified and maintained through scrupulous order. The Greek equivalent of "set to rights" or "all right" or "under control" is "in order".

The covering of the *philotimo* and the covering of the naked fact find their counterpart, if not their basis, in the body. The body is never naked or, perhaps, only when absolutely necessary. Mothers often arrange to bathe and change the baby without undressing it all at once. The new pediatric practices and the new books on child care demand immersion, but it is all a matter of hygiene; no joy in the naked baby is mentioned anywhere. Conversely, dress, and particularly festive dress, "dress of splendour" and ornamentation, are of great importance, and in fact, are essential to complete the body. When beautiful girls are described, their clothing and their jewellery are given at least as much place as their bodily charms, and are not treated separately; and when a brave youth, a *pallicari*, is mentioned, his trappings are part of the picture. Jewellery and brilliant clothes, woven with gold and silver thread, figure largely in the lullabies, as well as in the love songs and wedding songs. And the lower world which holds no joy is a place where there are no ornamental trappings. The naked body, like the naked word, is stark and grim and incomplete.

The body and the self, the Greek person, delimit, pattern and give shape to relationships and experience. All relationships start with the body and continue along lines of physiological relatedness. They are extended along lines of concrete personal contact. Greeks travel, but mainly along a chain of personal relationships; they go to see a friend of a relative of a friend, and the end, however distant, is concretely linked through persons with the original person. Progress is amelioration of the concretely experienced, or the benefit of immediate relatives or friends or linked persons. The new can be introduced, not for the benefit of mankind or even the Greeks, but for the benefit of people along related lines, and better still, it can be introduced by a known and respected intermediary.

Figures on a chart mean very little to Greeks, and when they refer to people, may even be offensive. Foundations, such as the Near

10: Lee E,I-4,5 (no date) 1953
EH1 Greece EH1

WORK

Attitudes towards work, time, planning and spending arise also from the person or body as pattern and definition.

Work is life for the Greek. It is the person in function. Things like sports, weekends and vacations, or like "leisure" in the Western sense, are the recent introductions of foreigners. There are times when work or certain kinds of work are interdicted, but this is part of religion, not a claim to leisure time or idleness. And leisure is an attitude, a dimension of all work, and in fact, of all life; it is not confined to a time of day but is the constant expression of internal freedom while at work or at rest.

Diligence is part of the image of the self; it is a personal quality, warmly admired. To call a girl *procommene*, diligent, is to say something about her attractiveness. A poem which school children used to memorize spoke of the joyous little housewife, the little girl who got up early to set the house in order. There was nothing of the repellent goody-goody about her, and nothing strange about calling industriousness joyous. The Greek folk songs, often sung as accompaniments to the dance, picture such work situations: a group of young girls laundering at the beach, spreading the clothes and playing in the sand; or the woman singing at her loom. Folk tales make cruel fun of the lazy wife who comes to grief. Visitors to Greek villages bring back a picture of a busy, happy life, of the girls and women gossiping at the fountain in the village square as they wait their turn; of the mother weaving in the shade of the grape arbor while she watches the food cooking on the outdoor brazier, of her daughters working beside her and the little children running about, playing or running errands; of husband and wife walking to the fields an hour or so away, the little children running by their side, the swaddled baby hanging stiffly at the mother's hip, swinging with every step. They show a picture of shared family work as the medium of family life, as the way in which the growing child comes to belong to and identify himself with the unit of his birth.

Diligence is an internal attitude; it rests on self-discipline and free incentive, it includes interest and enjoyment. It does not mean a valuation of work for its own sake; it is the personal quality of diligence, not work itself, which is good. To work compulsively is to be a slave to work; and what can be worse than slavery? Even to work under the compulsion of work as a virtue is to deny oneself prized freedom; all work under pressure, such as the pressure of a time limit or the dictates of an employer, means loss of freedom. Industrialization and work in urban centres usually run counter to this value. Greeks who emigrated to the United States to earn money for their sisters' dowries, or for land needed by the family, worked incredibly long hours, but neither through external nor through inner compulsion.

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Greece EH1

To the Land of the Eagle

evening after one of the most delightful walks that could ever fall to one's lot.

Ginger-beer is a survival from the time of the British administration which ended more than sixty years ago. The Victorian habit of closing all windows at night—night air being considered poisonous—is another. At sunset all the windows at the Pension Suisse were religiously closed and shuttered, including those of my bedroom which, as the weather was quite warm, I promptly opened again, and kept open. A more satisfactory legacy from the British occupation is the game of cricket, which is popular to this day.

There are only two months in the year in which the weather is really hot, and only two of so-called winter. Bathing is possible from April to November. At the beginning of May I found the water quite warm, although the Corfiotes think it madness to venture in before July.

In the summer the inhabitants close their shops and places of business during the middle of the day. But at five in the afternoon the town wakes up again and the whole population turns out into the cafés, the squares, the streets, and the esplanade. Here the folk stroll about, or sit at tables under the trees drinking coffee or Greek brandy, until ten or eleven o'clock at night when they go home to supper. They are fond of dancing. In the dance season they dance for many nights in succession, and no dance breaks up until seven or eight in the morning. They have also a theatre to which a company from Athens or Rome occasionally comes. On these nights the play begins at what is